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8 Days Later

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Chapter 1 by intellikat

Monday.

I have only one week to get this thing sorted out. Next Monday they'll be here. Standing right in front of me. God, I've got to get my head straight if I'm going to get through this. My hands won't stop trembling. Today, I'll just plan. Sit at the table they left me and plan each step out. God, I hope Andy still remembers me.

Chapter 2 by Gounaitory



Tuesday.

I "invented" new method of making exact plans-- I will write them down in my Moleskine notebook. Bought it yesterday and was wandering what I am going to do with that. Now I know that I will write all my plans in it. Moreover, I think that I will be able to organize those thoughts in my head with my writings them in the notebook.

And Andy... sure he remembers me. I must focus on good thoughts all the time

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Wednesday

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Two days gone. I can't sit around here anymore; it's time to put my plan in motion. I stuff the notebook in my jacket pocket and gather what I need for my rucksack. Couple days' worth of protein bars, some water bottles and a change of clothes, a flashlight. I open the safe under my desk and retrieve the carefully-wrapped bundle, depositing it gingerly in the bag and tucking the clothes around it for padding. I notice that I'm holding my breath, and take a moment to exhale and steady myself. It's going to be okay.

Last thing, I check my other pockets. Train ticket. Revolver. Time to go.

Chapter 4 by Vieira



Thursday.

The train reached New Orleans by early morning. I couldn't really sleep, too much stuff in my head. I hopped off and had a cup of black coffee at the station. I thought I would better get going and hurried my way to the streets.

"Taxi!" I yelled as I stopped the Toyota Camry coming in my direction.

"Where to sir?" asked me the old black driver.

"Take me to the Saint Louis Cemetery."

It's time Andy and I have a word....

Chapter 5 by intellikat



Friday.

I stood before Andy's grave and took a deep breath. Behind the faded headstone I found the tube with wire mesh over the top... and I spoke into it.

When night fell, I began to dig. I struck the hard wood of the coffin and waited for a moment. Then I rapped out a sentence in morse code with my shaking knuckles.

Nothing.

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Andy became a small child again

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Andy Andy was over two years old again. He was a high school senior on prom night.

I opened my rucksack and carefully lifted the wrapped bundle and opened it-- a small cooler with a bag of plasma. I unwrapped the drinking tube and opened the valve. I placed the valve in Andy's mouth.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



Saturday.

I must have blacked out. I can't remember what happened today at all. What the hell?! My head is killing me, and I'm half-naked in some piece of shit motel. I'll try to piece this all together tomorrow. Goddammit I'm running out of time.

Chapter 7 by Gounaitory



Sunday.

Yesterday I left that awful place. But still I was walking in the street to figure out where I was. Small town but couldn't meet a single person. A single person.

Streets were empty an they all looked like each other. I knew that I was far away from Andy, but Andy wasn't the only problem I had to solve.

Chapter 8 by intellikat



Monday.

The real problem I had to solve was how to explain to my very conservative parents why I had not attended church for the past month. Yesterday was another delinquent Sunday, and at this moment they would be at my apartment door, banging away and reciting passages from Deuteronomy and 2 Corinthians to cow me from my hiding place.

I had tried to awaken Andy from a vampiric sleep to ask him to give an interview. To explain that he had gone by the name Yeshua Bar-Joseph two thousand years ago and that everything that had developed over the past two millennia was a bit of a mistake in terms of Christians coming

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Eternal slumber over them to keep them from attacking me again. It was a bit too much of a hassle really.

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Unfortunately, it appeared Andy and I had gone on a bit of a bender (again) and now I'm back to square one. No interview, irate parents, still unemployed and repaying school debt.

And so sit here in a Starbucks, Moleskine notebook in hand, with heavy heart.

Eight days later.

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